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Revolutionary C/F is loaded with an unbreakable cartridge of real ink. As the barrel is replaced the cartridge is automatically pierced and fresh ink is ready to flow. No mess. No fuss. A completely dry operation so quick and clean you could do it in the dark.

HOW IT LOADS

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Waterman's ^c/_F

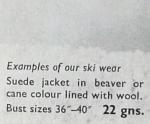
CARTRIDGE fountain pen

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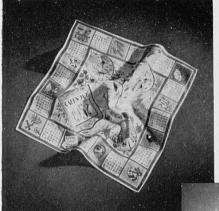
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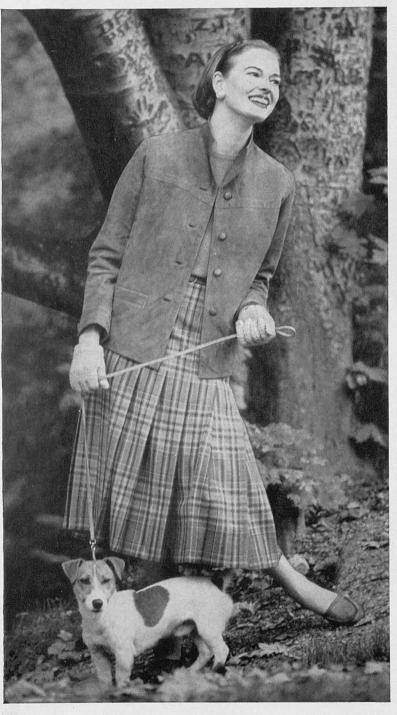
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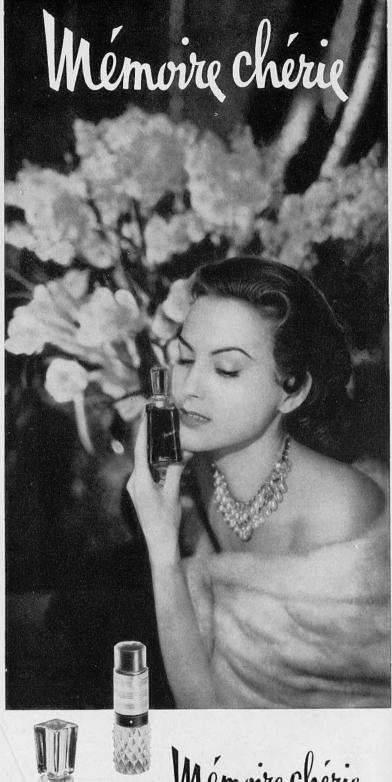
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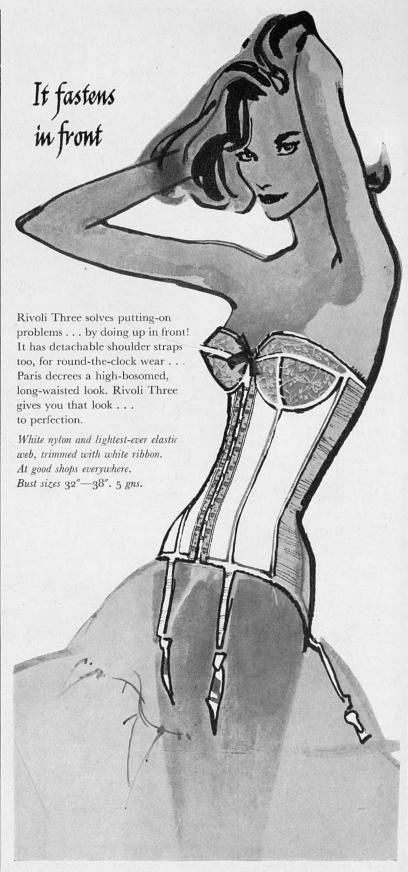
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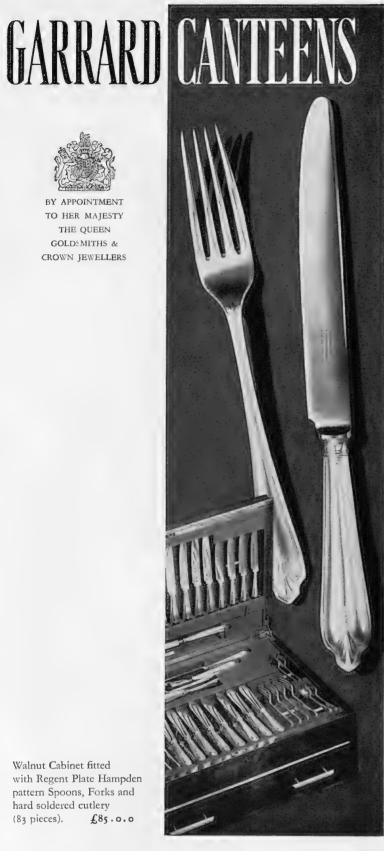


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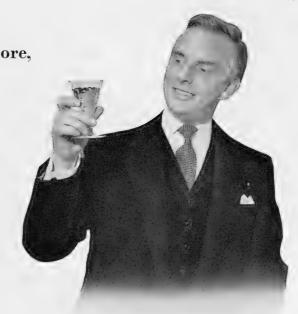


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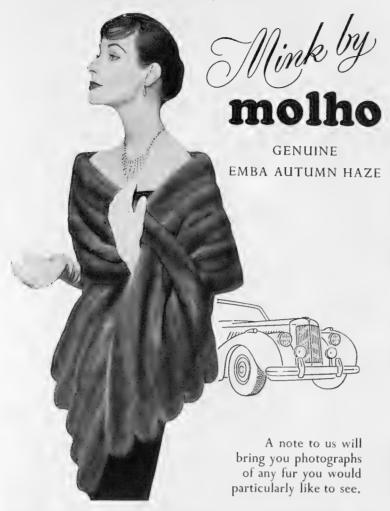
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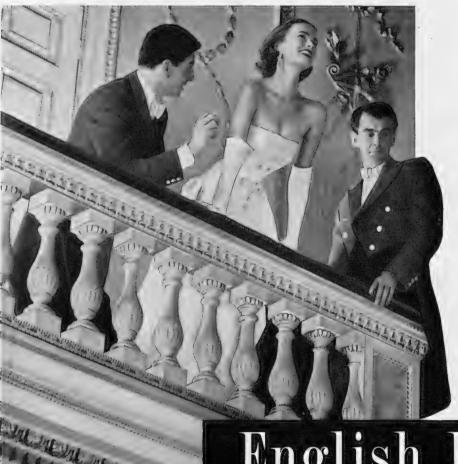
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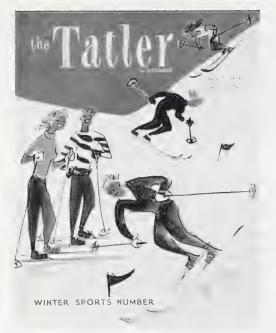
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THE WINTER SPORTS NUMBER is heralded by a gay cover from Dekk, to remind you that ski-ing enthusiasts are now getting their warmest trousers and gayest sweaters out of mothballs (and often deciding that replacements are imperative). For alluring travel posters and the threat of an English winter make the prospect of sun and snow more seductive than ever

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From November 7 to November 14

Nov. 7 (Wed.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends a concert in aid of the East London Children's Moral Welfare Committee, at St. Children's James's Palace.

Y.W.C.A. Christmas Fair, Hyde Park Hotel (second day).

Shorthorn Society Autumn Show and Sale (two days), Reading, Berks.

Association Football: Scotland v. Ireland, Hampden Park, Glasgow.

First night: Sir John Gielgud in Noel Coward's Nude With Violin, at the Globe Theatre.
Flat racing at Birmingham; steeplechasing at

Birmingham and Fontwell Park.

Nov. 8 (Thu.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother will attend a Concert and Prizegiving at the Royal College of Music; London.

M.C.C. National Motor Rally (to 10th), Hastings,

First night: Bernard Shaw's The Devil's Disciple at the Winter Garden.

Racing at Liverpool (The Grand Sefton); Fontwell Park and Taunton,

Nov. 9 (Fri.) The Lord Mayor's Show, London. Racing at Liverpool.

Nov. 10 (Sat.) The Queen attends the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall. The Duchess of Gloucester opens the Cycle and Motor Cycle Show at Earls Court (to 17th).

Opening Meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds. Racing at Liverpool, Windsor, Catterick Bridge and Worcester.

Nov. 11 (Sun.) The Queen will attend the Remembrance Day Service and will lay a wreath at the Cenotaph, Whitehall. Nov. 12 (Mon.) United Charities Fair at Grosvenor

House, Park Lane. Medical Exhibition (to 16th), New Horticultural Hall, London.

Tunbridge Wells Open Drama Festival, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

First night: Renaud-Barrault season at the Palace Theatre.

Dance: The Berkeley Ball at the Berkeley Hotel. Racing at Leicester.

Nov. 13 (Tue.) The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace in the morning, and in the evening will be present at an entertainment and

party in Gray's Inn Hall. Christmas Fair of the Central School of Speech and Drama (in aid of the Golden Jubilee Building Fund), 45 Park Lane.

Dance : Mrs. K. E. Peto Bennett for her daughter Miss Anne Peto Bennett, at the Savoy Hotel. Racing at Leicester.

Nov. 14 (Wed.) Royal Ulster Agricultural Society Dairy Show (to 16th), Balmoral, Belfast.

Association Football: England

Wembley, Middlesex. First night: Double Image, at the Savoy Theatre.
Dances: Mrs. Geoffrey Scott

for her daughter, Rosamond Scott, in London; The International Ball at the Dorchester Hotel.

Racing at Cheltenham.



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MISS FLAVIA PELHAM-BURN is the daughter of Major Ronald Pelham-Burn, M.A., M.C., T.D., and Mrs. Pelham-Burn of Flood Street, Chelsea. She is the granddaughter of Major Arthur Phillips, M.F.H., of Salisbury. Miss Pelham-Burn was presented in

March this year, and her parents gave a coming-out dance for her in Belgrave Square to celebrate her debut. She finished her education in Switzerland and has recently added to her knowledge of foreign languages by spending six months in Madrid

SOCIAL DIRECTOR

MRS. MARIE LOUISE ARNOLD, seen here in her weekend cottage in the Chilterns, is the social director of the Hispanic and Luso-Brazilian councils. She has broadcast and lectured to the Spanish speaking countries; and before the war was an interior decorator. She is responsible for the functions which take place at Canning House. During the war Mrs. Arnold, who is Mexican born, was liaison officer between the Ministry of Information and the Latin American Diplomatic Corps



Godfrey Cake

Social Journal

Jennifer

MUSIC FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

UEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, a radiant figure in a fondant pink dress with a diamond tiara, necklace and earrings, attended a concert at the Royal Festival Hall arranged to raise funds for the Victoria League. The League is a very fine institution, which we should all be glad to support, for its aim is to foster friendship, understanding and goodwill between all the peoples of the British Commonwealth, regardless of creed or colour. The League's headquarters in Chesham Place certainly demonstrates these aims in a very practical way, because not only is it a meeting place for all Commonwealth visitors in London, where they enjoy hospitality and can get fixed up to do many interesting things during their stay, but the committee also arranges hospitality for them through members of the League throughout the British Isles.

PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, wearing a diamond tiara with her black and white to fact and with her black and white taffeta dress, was also in the Royal Box, as were Mary Duchess of Devonshire, President of the concert executive, Lady Bird the chairman, resplendent in scarlet satin with a diamond tiara, Sir Robert Bird, Admiral Sir Cecil and Lady Harcourt, and Maj.-Gen. Sir John and Lady Marriott. A most enjoyable programme was played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, superbly conducted by the veteran Sir Thomas Beecham, who received a great ovation. Richard Farrell, the brilliant young New Zealand pianist, was the soloist and played Faure's "Ballade" magnificently with the orchestra

Several young visitors from the Commonwealth were selling programmes, and I bought mine from Miss Yetunde Aladesanmi, a young lady from Nigeria, who had two compatriots. Miss Anne Akabot and Miss Amoni Furo, assisting her, and they made a wonderful picture in their gay national costumes.

During the interval I met Lady Freyberg talking to the Dowager Countess Jellicoe and the Hon. Mrs. Leslie Gamage, very good looking in black satin and, like Lady Freyberg and Lady Jellicoe, wearing a fine tiara It was a very well-dressed audience, a large number being in evening dress. I met Lady Lily Serena Lumley, the Dowager Lady Ebbisham sitting in the middle of the circle, Countess Gowrie just behind her, Lady Thomas (who is very busy with arrangements for the Life-Boat Ball at the May Fair Hotel on December 4, of which she is chairman), and Mrs. Vernon Tate and her youngest daughter Mrs. Michael Belmont, who brought a party to the concert.

From here I went on to the Monte Carlo Rally Ball at the Savoy Hotel. This was not, as many people imagined, to raise funds for some motoring cause, but in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal which I hear is quietly increasing to a figure which will enable the committee to get Gosfield Hall really going well. The very appropriate chairman of this ball, which raised a magnificent sum for the fund, was Miss Sheila Van Damm, who has herself driven in many rallies, and won the Monte Carlo Rally Ladies Cup in 1955. She worked indefatigably to

make the ball a success.

Sir William Rootes, who was President of the ball, supported it very generously and, though he could not be present on the night, his son Mr. Brian Rootes was there. Mr. Stirling Moss, who helped with the cabaret, and Miss Mary Handley Page were joint-chairmen of a young committee which helped to recruit the number of guests to over 600. Lord Sempill had a party, and personalities of the motoring world present besides Stirling Moss included Mr. Sydney Allard, who won the Monte Carlo Rally in 1952, Mr. Kenneth Wharton, Mr. Geoffrey Imhof and Mrs. Nancy Mitchell who has driven successfully in numerous rallies.

for the marriage of Mr. John W. T. Wood, son of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Claud Wood and Mrs. Wood, to Miss Cleone Cory-Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright, I hear the twelfthcentury parish church at Wheathampstead, Hertfordshire, was beautifully decorated with blue and white flowers. They were arranged by the bride's mother her sister Mrs. David Curling, and Mrs. Escombe, and

were blue and white delphiniums, blue hydrangeas from Cornwall, white gladioli, dahlias, chrysanthemums and lilies. Even the seventy candlesticks in the church had bunches of blue and white flowers tied on with silver ribbon.

The bridegroom's father performed the service, and after the ceremony the bride's parents (Mrs. Cory-Wright in red velvet coat and hat)

held a reception at Mackerye End.

The bride, who looked very pretty in a full-skirted silver lace dress with a short tulle veil held in place by a crown of orange blossom, walked up to the church from the lych gate through the crowd of villagers who had known her since she was a baby. Her bridesmaids Miss Fiona Lomax, Miss Susan Birnie, Miss Jean Evans, Miss Eldred Pearce, Miss Stella Wood, sister of the bridegroom, and the bride's nieces Harriet and Araminta Horlick, wore dresses of blue organza with head-dresses of blue delphiniums, gentians and hydrangea petals, and carried sprays of the same flowers. Mr. Fergus Graham was best man.

Among the 300 guests were the bridegroom's mother Mrs. Wood, in a black velvet suit with white hat, his brother Mr. Richard Wood, and his sister Mrs. Skertchley and her husband. Also Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cory-Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Cory-Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Cory-Wright, Mrs. Everard Martin-Smith—who like Lady Cory-Wright is one of the bride's godmothers—the bride's sisters, Mrs. John Horlick and Mrs. David Curling with their husbands, Lady Bonsor, and Pamela Countess of Lytton, with her daughter Lady Hermione Cobbold and granddaughter Miss Susan Cobbold.

Among others present were Viscount and Viscountess Leathers with the Hon. Fred and Mrs. Leathers, Mr. and Mrs. Price Wood who came up from Shropshire, Sir Horace and Lady Evans, whose pretty daughter Jean was one of the bridesmaids, the Hon. Mrs. Gwilym Lloyd-George, and Lady Lenanton, who as Carola Oman is a very successful author. I hear that her historic book *Nelson* is being made into a film. Sir Raiph and Lady Metca'fe and Mr. J. H. Joel, who had forgone an afternoon's racing in order to be at the wedding.

Younger guests included Mr. Simon and Miss Davina Bowes-Lyon, Miss Tessa Hambro, Capt. John Greener, Miss Mandy Martin-Smith,

and Miss Diana and Miss Gillian Gunness.

The bride wore a blue-grey suit (on which was pinned an heirloom diamond spray), and a fur cap when they left for a honeymoon in Spain.

National Hunt racing enthusiasts. On the final day there were two £1,000 races, the William Clark Handicap, which was won by Mr. Herbert Blagrave with his three-year-old China Rock which he trains himself, and the Hedge Hoppers Hurdle, won by that gay and enthusiastic owner Mr. R. S. Wilkins with his three-year-old Loliono II, trained by Mr. Peter Cazalet, who is one of our most consistently successful N.H. trainers.

On the Friday I was there for three races, and I saw a most exciting finish in the Manton Handicap when Mr. Robin McAlpine's Poaching hung on to his lead to beat the Hon. Jakey Astor's Mahogany by a neck. The next race, the Evenlode Handicap Chase, was won by Mrs. Prior's very useful 'chaser Kenure, who romped past the post nine lengths ahead of Kind Answer. Then there was the Horris Hill Stakes for two-year-olds, value over £1,100 to the winner, who was Major L. B. Holliday with his very game Petition filly Persuader, who beat

Mrs. Ruane's Bellborough by a neck.

Watching the racing I saw the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, who ran Spate in the Evenlode Chase, Lord Howard de Walden, who will be senior steward of the Jockey Club next season, the Countess of Durham who had a runner, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Underdown, Mrs. Peter Hastings-Bass watching her two-year-old Soho saddled, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower who had a runner, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Knight, the Earl of Carnarvon and his son Lord Porchester, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Blagrave, Mrs. Alistair Campbell, who is down from her home in Aberdeenshire for several weeks, talking to Col. Jack Hirsch, and Mrs. Misa having a drink with Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke, who looked very charming in a mink coat and sapphire blue hat.

From here I motored up to Stratford-on-Avon where I stayed at the Welcombe Hotel with its spacious gardens and lake, and enjoyed two evenings at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. Here they have had another remarkably successful season, which continues until December 1, under the direction of Glen Byam Shaw, and I saw Hamlet and The Merchant Of Venice, both beautifully staged. In the audience on the second night were Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Rootes who brought their house party, Lord and Lady Mancroft, and Mr. and Mrs. Reggie

[Continued overleaf



GOD-PARENTS WATCH OVER THEIR WARD

RICHARD WINSTON MARK, the infant son of Mr. Erland and Lady Ursula d'Albo, christened at West Wratting Parish Church, West Wratting, Cambridgeshire. With the baby are seen the parents and several of the god-parents. Standing are Mr. Richard Pegler, Lord Roger Manners and the father; and sitting, Viscountess Vaughan, Lady Ursula d'Albo and Lady Elizabeth von Hofmannsthal. Mr. Erland and Lady Ursula d'Albo have two other children, John Henry, three years old, and Louisa Jane, who was born last

Swaebe

Ward, over from their charming home at Ladbroke. Those two fine actors Richard Burton and Paul Schofield were also in the audience on

both evenings, with their wives.

The following day the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet Company, headed by the great ballerina Galina Ulanova, visited Stratford-on-Avon and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, where a special private performance of Glen Byam Shaw's production of *Othello*, which is considered the best this season, starring Harry Andrews, Emlyn Williams, Margaret Johnston and Diana Churchill, was given in their honour. The Company were received on their arrival at the theatre by Lord Iliffe, President of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Sir Fordham Flower, chairman of governors of the theatre, and Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, who at the reception which followed the special performance presented the Company with a book of superb photographs of scenes in Othello, bound in blue morocco leather.

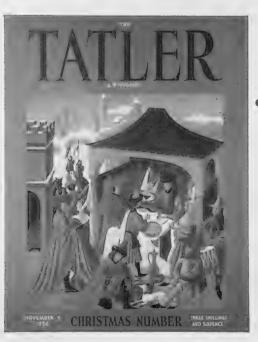
THE very go-ahead Ladies' Committee of the Anglo-Belgian Union organized a most enjoyable buffet luncheon, followed by a talk, at the Anglo-Belgian Club in Belgrave Square. Lady Kelly had kindly agreed to speak on "the Vicissitudes of a Diplomatic Hostess," but was not well on the day of the luncheon, and her husband Sir David Kelly, our former Ambassador to the Argentine, Moscow and Turkey, deputized for her at the last moment. Using his wife's notes Sir David spoke for half an hour in a most amusing manner on the difficulties and unexpected situations that often confront the wife of an ambassador, and the amount of common sense and diplomacy needed to handle them.

The talk took place in the light and airy ballroom, where the audience numbered over ninety. They included Lt.-Gen. Robert Stone, who introduced the speaker, Mrs. Stone, who wore a very gay red hat with her suit, Mme. Champenois, wife of the Counsellor at the Belgian Embassy, Commandant Cuissart de Grelle, the Belgian Assistant Military and Naval Attaché. La Baronne de Warzee D'Hermalle, mother of Mme. Chauvel the French Ambassadress, Mrs. Charles Villiers, the chairman, and her sister-in-law Comtesse Jean de la

Barre, and Mrs. Alistair Villiers.

Also present were the Hon. Arthur Gore and Miss Elizabeth Wiskemann, the historian, who were both at our Embassy in Berne when Sir David and Lady Kelly were there during part of the war. I met, too, Belgian-born Mrs. Peter Whitwell, formerly Princess Beatrice de Ligne, Mr. and Mrs. Marsden Smedley, Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, as always impeccably dressed, Lady Butler, Mrs. Michael Wood, rather sad that she is not accompanying her husband to Moscow when he goes in connection with the visit of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Julius Lada Grodzicki.

MANY leading personalities of the racing world attended the Cambridgeshire Dinner-Dance, given by the Racehorse Owners' Association, which is always a very enjoyable affair. The names of different race courses are on every table, which is very helpful for reference when the auction takes place of horses drawn in the Members' Sweepstake. Sir Harold Wernher, the vice-chairman, who, with Lady Zia Wernher, brought a big party, was one of the lucky ones to draw a horse. Another was Mr. Denis Mountain, who drew Mountain Music which fetched £200. Sir Malcolm McAlpine, who has worked so hard as chairman of this Association, had a big party with Lady



OTHE CHRISTMAS NUMBER of The TATLER will soon be on sale and, with Philip Gough's delicately roisterous festive cover, will enliven the bookstalls. Gayer than ever before, it has contributions by, among others, James Laver, D. B. Wyndham Lewis and George Mikes, a Christmas Alphabet and a noble dissertation on punch making and drinking. Illustrated with photographs, drawings and enchanting colour pic-tures, it makes ideal Christmas reading. It costs 3s. 6d. With postage inland of 6d. and abroad 3½d., copies may be ordered from The House, Ingram 195-198 W.C.2. Strand,



McAlpine. Their guests included Lord Strathalmond, Lord and Lady Balfour of Inchrye, and Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner, and their second son Mr. Malcolm McAlpine with his attractive wife. Sir Brian and

Lady Mountain also had a big party, as did Mr. Edwin McAlpine. Among others I saw the Queen's trainer, Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and his very glamorous wife, Mr. David McCall and his brother Angus accompanied by their attractive wives, Mrs. Foster, owner of Eudaman, who will be the first woman to make the speech at the Gimcrack Dinner, Mr. Walter Nightingall and Mr. Reg Day, who both had big parties, and Mrs. Charles Jerdein.

From here I went on very late to the 500 Ball at Claridge's, which H.H. Princess Marie Louise, the President, had attended earlier in the evening. The Princess takes the keenest interest in this annual event—this year's was the ninth—which is held to raise funds for the British Rheumatic Association. The chairman, the Hon. Ralph Mansfield, and the vice-chairmen, the Hon. Mrs. Rodney Berry and Mr. David Morley-Fletcher, were all there with parties. The ball is exceptionally well run and much of the credit for this goes to Miss Margaret Pinder, the honorary organiser, whose charming personality and untiring work for weeks beforehand give so much enjoyment and pleasure to so many on the actual evening, not forgetting the splendid sum she helps to raise. Once again she herself had a very big party.

Princess Margaretha of Sweden I noticed looking very attractive dancing. She came in a party with Mr. Richard Tapham and Mr. and Mrs. Desmond Boyle whom I saw sitting at their table on the

edge of the dance floor.

I have not space to mention the many happy young faces I noticed, who, soon after I arrived, took their places to dance a reel. Previously many of them had been trying their luck at the tombola, which seemed to produce some magnificent prizes.

THE Hon. Mrs. Senior kindly lent the lovely drawing-room of her delightful Egerton Place house for a committee meeting of the Snow Ball, in aid of the United Appeal for the Blind, which takes place at the Dorchester Hotel on December 11 and which Princess Alexandra has promised to attend. Mrs. Tom Page, chairman of the ball, presided and told everyone about the plans. They include a room to resemble a night club to dance in, as well as the main ballroom; a cabaret, a tombola and lucky programmes, for which there are such wonderful prizes as a television set, or a return trip for two to Hamburg.

There were numerous young people at the meeting who are all determined to make the ball a success, including Miss Susan Hopton Scott who is arranging a big party, Miss Sally Harris, Miss Carol Thubron, Miss Suzanne Bourgeoise from the United States, Miss Susy Hennessy, who had come straight on from the store in Piccadilly where she is working in the cooked meat department during the pre-Christmas rush, Miss Virginia Clark, the Hon. Susan Lever and Miss Angela Farley. Tickets for this ball Tom Page, 28 Manchester Street, W.1. Tickets for this ball may be obtained from Mrs.

One of the most magnificent causes that anyone could subscribe to is the Royal National Life-Boat Institution. What few people realize is that it is supported entirely by voluntary funds, and that our debt to those gallant men who take the life-boats out in all weathers,

WEDDING IN HERTFORDSHIRE

Mr. JOHN WOOD married Miss Cleone Cory-Wright at St. Helen's Church, Wheathamstead, Hertfordshire, and a reception was held at the bride's home, Mackerye End, near Harpenden. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright. Left: the newly married couple



test your reactions.

Ovington Gardens, S.W.10.

dance band, also a cabaret and tombola.

Terry, R.N.L.B.I. 42 Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.



Tickets from Mrs. John



Left, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Latham and Mr. Richard Wood. Right, Mr. Patrick Talbot-Smith, Mrs. Anthony Tuke and Mrs. Talbot-Smith

Miss Catherine Michell and Miss Juliet Woods

Harriet Horlick, a bridal attendant, with Bumble





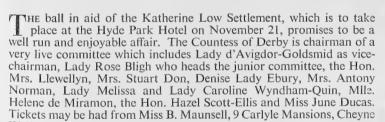


Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Needham in the marquee

Miss Zandra Hambro and Mr. David Inglefield

Miss Susan Birnie, one of the bridesmaids, talking to the best man, Mr. Fergus Graham, and Miss Fiona Lomax, also a bridesmaid





often at great risk to their own lives, deserves our unbounding gratitude. A Life-Boat Ball is held annually in London to raise funds for the

Institution, and this year it takes place at the May Fair Hotel on

December 4, when there will be a military band as well as the usual

H.H. Princess Marie Louise is to open the Y.M.C.A. Fair at Londonderry House, Park Lane, at 11 a.m. on November 21. Not only will there be many stalls with useful and attractive Christmas gifts and a tombola, but also a "Static Trainer" on which you can

ADY SARAH CUMMING-BRUCE is chairman of the Dinner Ball being organized to take place at the Park Lane Hotel on November 20 in aid of the Florence Nightingale Hospital. There will be a tombola and cabaret, and tickets are obtainable from Mrs. R. Russel, 76

ONE of the gayest teenage dances of the year is the annual dance for 10- to 16-year-olds run in aid of the Feathers Clubs, under the very efficient chairmanship of the Marquesa de Casa Maury. It will take place once again at the Seymour Hall, W.1, on Thursday, December 20. Everyone living in London with young people around this age should bring a party—tickets are only seventeen and sixpence. Not only will it start the school holidays off with a bang, but will at the same time help raise money for a really good cause. Tickets may be obtained from the

Walk, S.W.3.

Secretary, 20 Albert Hall Mansions, S.W.7.

ADY GODBER tells me she is chairman of the St. Marylebone branch of the N.S.P.C.C., which will be having a stall at the United Charities Fair at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, on November 12, where there will be many good things to buy.

Lady Bird is also working hard as chairman of a Bridge and Canasta Party to be held at the Café Royal on November 19 in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal. Tables can be booked from her at 114 Queens

The Annual Red Cross Ball at the Dorchester Hotel is always one of the best run and gayest balls of the winter season, for the Red Cross is a wonderful organization that everyone is ready to support. The ball is to take place this year on November 20, with the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Lawson-Johnston as chairman. Tickets may be had from the chairman, at the B.R.C.S., 6 Grosvenor Crescent, S.W.1.





THE SERVICES GATHER

HIGH-RANKING officers of the British and Commonwealth Forces met at a reception given at the Chevrons Club in Dorset Square. Above, Mr. Edward Terrell, Q.C., Mrs. Terrell and Admiral Sir Charles Lamb

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Capt. J. K. Highton, R.N., Cdr. D. G. Clark, R.N., and Mrs. Clark







Commodore G. C. Oldham, R.A.N., Mrs. Oldham and Air/Cdre. J. P. Cave

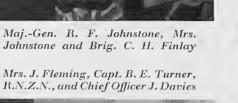


W/Cdr. J. P. Moss, R.R.A.F., Mrs. R. A. Prentice and Mrs. Moss

Instructor Rear-Admiral J. Fleming



Maj.-Gen. R. F. Johnstone, Mrs. Johnstone and Brig. C. H. Finlay









Mrs. I. M. Cave was with Air/Cdre. R. N. Ford, R.A.A.F., and Mrs. P. G. Hicks

AT A COUNTY BALL

THE annual ball and banquet of the Staffordshire Society took place at the May Fair Hotel recently. The guests were received by (below) Viscount Ednam, the President of the Society, and Mrs. Gerald Legge



Below: Maj.-Gen. A. W. Lee, Colonel of the South Staffordshire Regt., and Mrs. Lee



Desmond O'Neill Viscount Sandon, President-Elect of the Society, and Viscountess Sandon



Mr. W. E. Messenger, Chairman of the Society, accompanied by Mrs. Messenger



Mr. Arthur Quantrill, a former chairman, was talking to Mrs. M. P. Pulman

Miss Ann Taylor and Mr. Wilfred Edwards

Mrs. Edwards and Mr. L. M. Edwards were dancing



Dr. D. M. Wigley talking to Mr. W. D. Bullows

Lord and Lady Bagot were among those present



SHEENA MACKINTOSH (right) now Mrs. Hilleary, and once a renowned skier, gives valuable advice to novices making their first acquaintance with this strenuous art



MAKING A SUCCESS OF YOUR SKI-ING HOLIDAY

THE shining prospect of a winter sports holiday is indeed something to look forward to through the bleak days of English winter. Away from grey clouds to clear blue skies; snowcovered pines in place of sombre naked trees, the crisp cold breath of the mountains instead of our moist and misty air.

Sleigh-bells, croissants for breakfast, the gay music of the accordion. All the joy and exhilaration of ski-ing.

When choosing your resort, be sure that it is at least 4,000 feet high if you go in early December or late March, for below that there is a risk of insufficient snow except in January and February. And remember that a group of skiers going together as a party can usually obtain special reductions from hotels and ski lifts.

The preparations for an Alpine holiday are all part of the excitement, especially as ski clothes are among the most becoming things we can wear. Nearly all the big London stores now have a splendid choice of ski clothes and equipment. Undoubtedly by far the most important single item is a good pair of ski boots. At all resorts they can be hired, but one takes the risk of not obtaining a really good pair. They are expensive to buy, but are worth it every time. Strong, well fitted boots, that give real ankle support, make all the difference to one's ski-ing, and with care will last for years. Between seasons they should be polished and stored in a dry place with special trees in them.

In choosing ski boots, one must see that the sole is thick and unbendable, and there should be an inside and an outside lacing. English ski boots are still inferior to the best European ones, but our sports shops stock almost every make. If you buy new boots before going abroad, it is a great help to "break them in" at home by walking about in them a few times, otherwise they are inclined to give one blisters on the first ski runs.

WISE skiers wear two pairs of socks—one thick and one thin. The colour is immaterial, as correctly they should always be worn inside the trousers and not turned down outside the boots. The new elastic material from which ski trousers are made is excellent, since it will stretch, and then return to its original shape, thus avoiding unattractive "baggy knees." A wind jacket with a hood is an essential item in case of wind or storm, and particularly so for a beginner who is falling about and getting wet. The nylon ones in a wide selection of gay colours have much to recommend them, since they are light, will fold into a small space, and can easily be carried.

For the mid-winter skier, really warm mitts or gloves are of great importance. He should either have an inside pair of woolly mitts, with leather or waterproof ones to wear outside, or a pair of the French-type leather backed gloves with knitted fingers. To have cold, wet hands is to make ski-ing a misery.

One needs a couple of thick sweaters, of which every store has a tempting selection. Also some kind of covering for the ears—ear muffs or a woollen cap or scarf, and a balaclava for extreme cold. I personally would never be without my cosy long underwear! Mine are red, but they can be bought in almost any shade, with or without a wool vest to match.

For "Après ski" a girl usually wears a felt skirt or trousers with a shirt or jumper, or a wool dress, and for gala evenings would be well advised to take a ballet-length dress. A man should have a dinner jacket for special occasions, and otherwise grey flannels and a sports jacket.

If you have your own skis and keep them in England, be sure they are stored in a dry place, strapped together at either end with a big block between them. Re-varnishing the surface every year helps to keep them in good condition.

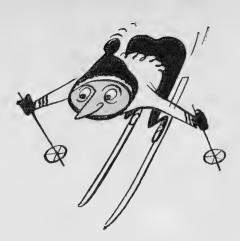
Skis and sticks can always be hired at every resort, and for a beginner this is much the best plan. There is always a lot of controversy over the question of long or short skis. I strongly recommend the latter for novices at least for the first two years. They are unquestionably easier to learn on, and being so much more manoeuvrable they appeal also to the skier who is growing older and slower. Long skis are steadier for fast ski-ing and downhill racing. It is a wise precaution to have safety bindings or, at least, a safety device, for this unquestionably prevents many sprains or breaks. But be sure that the skis are attached by a thong to the boot, so that if the binding comes off after a fall the ski does not then shoot off down the hill.

Waxing is a problem over which people get very concerned. There are, however, some simple rules for the average skier to follow. First, be certain that your skis are covered with a plastic sole or that lacquer has been painted over the wood. Never try to ski on bare wood, as it gets sodden by the snow and does not run smoothly. If the skis get wet and the weather turns cold, ice may form on the underside and then the skis will not slide at all.

Wax is chiefly to ensure that the skis run smoothly, and not as people are often led to believe, purely to increase the speed at which they travel, although very specialized waxing will help a racer to clip precious split seconds from his time. In cold weather a base wax of red sohm applied with a hot iron or rubbed in with a cork will suffice. In case of need a small piece of white paraffin wax can be carried in a pocket. When the snow is wet and slushy, use soft, green sohm wax applied roughly and left unsmoothed, and take with you a piece of silver wax. The latter can be used under pretty well any conditions, and is quick and easy to apply.

People who lead a physically active life are not nearly so likely

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to hurt themselves ski-ing as those who spend their days in an office, perhaps only walking to and from the Underground. For these it will pay a hundredfold to do pre-ski exercises for a few weeks before going out, or to attend some of the "Dry ski school" classes at one of the big London shops (i.e. Lillywhites, Simpsons or Harrods). Contrary to popular belief, one is not taught how to ski here, but, almost equally important, the ski-ing muscles are correctly exercised and developed, thus greatly reducing the risk of accidents.

It is during the first few days on skis that people most often hurt themselves, especially if they are unfit when they come out. Fired with enthusiasm, unwilling to waste one hour of possible ski-ing time, they do not allow themselves to become acclimatized or give their bodies a chance to cope with this sudden, violent form of exercise. They drive themselves on, ski-ing when they are tired, and then if they fall badly their muscles are exhausted and unable to take the strain. Those who come out unfit should go slowly and steadily, and always stop when they get tired.

For novices it is vitally important to begin by taking lessons in the ski school. This involves some hard work, but it means that one starts correctly and understands what one is aiming at. Most people learn very quickly, and after two or three days on the nursery slopes the guide will take his class of beginners up the ski lift for their first run.

This is a thrilling moment, and those who have been in any doubt about the possibility of learning to ski well will be looking forward excitedly to longer runs on higher mountains.

No matter how expert, it does everyone good to have a ski lesson now and again.

People frequently get out of breath ski-ing; and here is a tip; the reason for this breathlessness is often that when approaching terrain that appears tricky or difficult, skiers may hold their breath until they have tackled it. When you come to an awkward place breathe *out* and the chances are you will find yourself far less breathless

The great thing about ski-ing is that no matter how good or bad you are, whether ski-ing down a mountain face at high speed or tumbling around on the nursery slopes, it is always fun. And the more you learn, the more thrilling becomes this wonderful and endlessly fascinating sport.





In the absence of a pilot's licence-



a barrel roll should not be attempted-



or one may get stuck half-way-



and end up in a mild though cheerful tangle!



GEORGES BRAQUE is holding his most important exhibition to date at the Tate Gallery. Son to a house-painter and decorator, this distinguished French painter, sculptor and engraver was born in 1882; and first exhibited at the Salon d'Automne and the Salon des Independents in 1906. With Picasso, Braque devised a manner based on Cezanne's work, in which solid forms were disintegrated and reassembled in excitingly fresh perspectives. This was Cubism: a dozen of the exhibits at the Tate are in this style

Roundabout

The American presidential election is going to provide some eye-openers for the Soviet delegation—a tradeunion leader, a member of the editorial board of *Izvestia*, and a professor—invited by the United States Government to watch the progress of the campaign.

Coming from a country where "elections" always result in a ninety-nine point nine per cent vote for the only party competing, the delegates will find a two-party system staggering enough in itself, let alone the party symbols—a donkey and an elephant—the galaxy of film-stars, band-leaders, and television comedians on each platform; the buttonhole badges of "I Like Ike" and "Madly for Adlai"; and the parades, before, during and after, smothered in ticker-tape.

But if I were asked to guess the one American phenomenon that will shake them most in the course of the whole hurroosh and fandango, I shouldn't hesitate. In the great Moscow Palace of the All-Union Council of Trade Unions; round the editorial table of *Izvestia*; and in the senior common room of the Institute of the Academy of Science, they'll be talking for years to come about drummajorettes.

One comment, I think, needs making on the recommendations of the Cottesloe Committee on the export of works of art. The so-called "national treasures," the sale of which to the United States causes so many people here to wring their hands (rather than to plunge them into their purses) are, as often as not, Dutch, Flemish or, more frequently, Italian paintings that we our-

selves bought from their countries of

origin when England enjoyed the position,

• Cyril Ray

now enjoyed by the United States, of being the richest country in the world, and the home of the lordliest collectors.

To save a Lindisfarne Gospel, say, for the country in which it was illuminated, or a Gainsborough portrait, or a Ravenscroft goblet—yes, we are right and we are wise to do that. But to weep crocodile tears over the departure from these shores of a Rembrandt portrait or a Claude landscape or a pair of Nymphenburg figures that we ourselves acquired from abroad—this is hypocritical humbug. These treasures "belong," morally, either to their country of origin or to whatever corner of the world at large can appreciate and afford them.

In any case, the acquisition by eighteenth-century English milords, whose fathers had been oafish provincials, of Italian paintings, German porcelain, and French furniture, civilized their purchasers, fertilized a whole new field of taste and judgment and patronage, and helped to bring into being a new national school of craftsmanship and the arts. Now it's the turn of the New World, and why should we begrudge it a civilizing influence that we ourselves have enjoyed?

Which reminds me that although we are told so often about the disappearance of the private patron, and how the artist and the craftsman must look to big business or the State for a living, there are still ancient institutions that—as well as monarchs, peers and prelatesused to patronize the painters and architects and silversmiths of the past, and could still go on doing so, if they had a mind to it.

I think especially at the moment of the various colleges of Oxford and Cambridge (though I could add schools and the Church to the list), for one college at each has recently accepted or instituted work that carries on great traditions of design and craftsmanship.

Trinity College, Oxford, has marked the recent four hundredth anniversary of its foundation by accepting from old members of the college three goblets engraved by Laurence Whistler, one of which, by the way, depicts the carving by Grinling Gibbons above the altar in the college chapel—a direct link with the craftsmanship of the past.

It is a couple of years since King's College, Cambridge, commissioned a living artist to design a dinner service for high table, and very handsomely it accompanies the eighteenth-century silver. More recently the same high table has flanked its modern porcelain and antique silver with new and handsome glassport decanters, claret jugs and wine-glasses—designed, like the dinner service, at the Royal College of Art.

It is good to see contemporary work being commissioned by bodies that are the custodians of our civilization; we should be the poorer had not the earlier heads and Fellows of colleges fostered the arts and crafts of their time, and thought only of collecting and caring for the work-



"Meanies! Only half a pint"

manship of previous centuries—as too many colleges do today.

 ${
m B}^{\, ext{OTH}}$ colleges are to be complimented on their taste, but I think a little the more of King's because the work they have commissioned is for use, whereas Trinity's goblets are to be kept in a cabinet.

They know what they are about, too, at King's (as they should at a college of which it has been said that it is Cambridge's nearest approach to what an Oxford college is like). The instructions to the designer of their new glass were little more than that the rim diameters of the glasses should be narrower than the bowls, so as to hold the bouquet of the wine. Thus the college showed itself wiser than its forebears, for in the great days of English and Irish glass-making, almost a couple of centuries ago, virtually all the wine-glasses, goblets, and rummers seem to have been trumpet-shaped, or like inverted cones. Handsome, but not the most practical shape for those who like to swish their wine round its glass, to liberate its aromatic ethers, and then to dip their noses into the bouquet thus released.

But then I have always suspected that the wines they guzzled in those spacious Georgian days were much coarser than the taste of the time, in furniture and clothes and porcelain and silver and glass, would lead you to suppose. What would be the use, anyway, of growing fine, fragrant, delicate wines for mottled-faced boozers who drank four bottles apiece and then fell under the table?

LIVERPOOL Corporation is to go ahead, it seems, with the scheme to flood a Welsh valley to provide a new water supply for the city. But in Merionethshire this time, not the valley in Montgomeryshire that was threatened a year ago, and with it the village of Dolanog, and the birthplace of Ann Griffiths, the writer of Welsh hymns, and the chapel to her memory.

It is lovely, lonely country, this high Montgomeryshire moorland, and the lost little valleys that cleave it-along with Radnorshire, to the south, the most thinly populated countryside in England and Wales, though only a couple of hundred miles from London.

I visited Dolanog a year ago, and wrote about it, and quoted a young publiclibrarian in a nearby county town as saying, "Dolanog? That's the devil of a place to get to," and his chief wrote to my then editor to complain that no member of his staff could have used such "coarse and insulting language," and that it was incorrect anyway: as the village I referred to was served once a fortnight by a mobile library van, it could hardly, he wrote, be described as "of difficult accessibility."

Time marches on, even in the toyshops. There are toy refrigerators for small girls and—as though they were not alarming enough unarmed—space-guns "disintegrators" for their little brothers.

So I was glad to see, in a toyshop window the other day, marbles at twenty-five for ninepence. Perhaps childhood hasn't changed as much as we feared after all-except, of course, that the marbles are sold in little plastic bags.

BRIGGS by Graham









HOW TO GO SKATING FOR PLEASEMENT

R. C. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW, famed sports commentator, gives his own inimitable version of an icy recreation he once pursued



HAVE never rated snow very high, except as an excuse for not weeding the garden. But I admit it comes in useful when you are ski-running. Even so, I used to find, anyhow in Switzerland, that the snow was never quite right. In the same way that no cow-dealer can quite bring himself to approve of a cow that seems to the amateur eye entirely faultless, so no snow-expert ever admitted the perfect suitability of the snow. It was too deep or too shallow; too recent or too stale; even, perhaps, too white. For me, it was rather too snowy.

Perhaps the winter-sportsmen of today are less fussy. But I am speaking, without fear of interruption, about the days when Noël Coward was a brilliant and salutary novelty (he still is), when the ladies peered out at the world from under toque-hats (they may shortly do so again). Be that as it may, I found myself, during the 1920s, celebrating three consecutive New Years in Switzerland. I was a promising pupil. I soon learnt that the ski-runner can fall flat on his back while standing still and saying "good morning"; that you cannot descend without first climbing; that if you try a Telemark turn while simultaneously thinking of the girl you met at the dance the night before, your skis cross each other and banish all thought of romance.

I also learnt that it took three days to recover from the journey out by land and sea, and three more to adjust the constitution to central heating and veal. How I longed for veal with open fires, or central heating with cold beef.

Oo, very early in my Swiss career I took to skating. It seemed less strenuous. As a prelude I could lie in bed late in the morning, play imaginary and always successful rounds of golf among the fir-trees of Surrey, and try to decide whether I should go to the Fancy Dress that night as a gondolier, a sandwich-man, or a Chinese bandit.

Some of you will be saying that skating demands much from the human frame. Pardon me if I suggest that your views may be derived from the breathless performances on the TV of Mlle. Supervia Whirligig and/or partner. That is not how we conducted affairs on the rink of the Hotel Soleil. Compared with the dragooned and earnest ski-addicts we were rather like trainees who side-step the Parade and ooze off with a tennis-racket or a butterfly-net. We wasted our time in our own sweet way. Which is the art of life.

I seem to recall that on the rink I wore riding-breeches and a mauve beret. The former I cannot account for, as we had no horses at home or in the Hotel. But we had that admirable reviver, Chianti, served with smiles by Leon, a thoughtful waiter, who circulated on skates and visited likely clients. It was either a bottle of this wine, or the midday sun, or a technical hitch in my loop-bracket-loop, or all three at once, which caused me, one morning, to slide on the seat of my breeches into the middle of a set of seniors who were enacting those solemn jerks known as the *English Style*, round an orange. It was rather as if an inflamed caddie had gate-crashed a Committee Meeting of the Royal and Ancient Club at St. Andrews and shouted "Hi-ya, cocks." An intrusion. But they were a gentlemanly lot. They said absolutely nothing. They just waited for the return of normality, then resumed their worship of St. Vitus, and the orange.

DURING the afternoon, but not too early, a Light String Orchestra, surely from some Ruritanian opera-house, used to inspire us Continental stylists with the melodies of Strauss. Gladly, then, we deserted the severities of the School Figures for the floridity of the waltz or the complication of unintentional Charlestons. It was during one of the latter than I found myself dancing an unrehearsed pas de deux with a genial chap in a knee-length fur-collared coat. This partner, after disentanglement, smiled most benevolently and said, "Like me, I see, you cannot skate alone for long."

We sat out the next dance together in the sun. He told me he was on holiday from Austria and had left his confectionery business to look after itself. "I grow too fat," he said, "at the desk, so my wife and I decide we come to the Winter Sports. She chooses the ski-ing. But me, I come skating for pleasement. So I do not grow thinner."

Often since, I have wondered what became of that sudden and delightful partner on the rink of the Hotel Soleil. Wherever he may be, I hope he still goes skating for pleasement, and that his shadow never grows less.

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Charles C. Fennell

THE IRISH PASTIME

A HAPPY gathering of Irish racegoers and visitors at the Down Royal races saw Libyan Lord owned by Mr. F. Mulley win the Castlereagh Hurdle from the Inquisitive Colleen of Mrs. E. A. Cargan, and Mr. W. R. Ronaldson's Mazatuella



Miss M. Woodbyrne, with her trainer Mr. G. Wells

Capt. James Pooler and Mrs. Pooler make up their cards

Mr. J. J. Dobbin, O.B.E., registrar of the meeting, with Mrs. Dobbin (left) and Mrs. Blanche Shepherd





Capt. Peter Lowis and Mrs. Lowis in the members' enclosure

Mrs. Robert Stephens, Miss Virginia de Bosdari and Mrs. Thomas Haughton



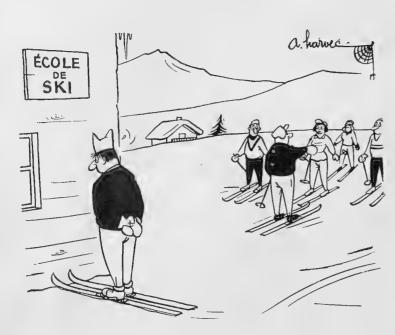
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THE ENGAGEMENT was recently announced between Princesse Helene of Orleans, daughter of the Pretender to the French throne, and Count Evrard of Limburg Stirum. The couple are seen in the castle grounds of the Count's parents at Huldenburg Lez Overijse in Belgium

Priscilla in Paris

FASHION IN TROUSSEAUX COMES FULL CIRCLE



The young bride-to-be was showing her trousseau to her friends. The early-twenties and teenagers enviously chorused their sycophantic exclamations... Charmant!... Exquis!... Adorable!... and indeed the hand-made undies the pretty child displayed were exquisite. I greatly admired them but I caught the eye of a more elderly enthusiast and we exchanged a smile of understanding.

Telepathy was in action! We both remembered the time, and it was not just yesterday, when one spent hours threading fresh ribbons through *lingeries* of *linon de fil* and fine cambric on their return from the washtub. In these days of driving hurry and impatient urgency it seems rash to expect young lovelies without maids—maids being a rarity—to spend so much time on such a niggling job. But, happy thought, perhaps it is the husbands, who now are broken to so many domestic chores, that do the threading? So . . . may you have patience, lucky lads, your elders wish you well!

A Parisian umbrella maker has launched some new models for the winter season; he ought to do well given the summer that has worn our "brollies" thin! One of his innovations is having a certain success. An electric battery is concealed in the handle and is connected with small bulbs placed just above the ferrule. As occasion demands a red, green or yellow light can be flashed on. This may be useful to pedestrians, but whether it will lighten the traffic cop's troubles remains to be seen. A rather charming idea might be a rose-coloured, heart-shaped light for lonely people. According to the appearance of the person who carried the umbrella (or walking stick?), it could be taken as a welcome or a warning.

Varnishing day of the MacAvoy paintings at the Drouant-David Gallery was an event not only because the artist is a fine painter but because Madame Cécile Sorel, whose life-size portrait is one of the highlights of the show, was present in person. Cécile Sorel, as all the world knows, has been a very beautiful woman and also an actress whose stage career has conducted her from the light operettas of her very early youth to the Comédie Française of her maturity after which, just for the fun of it, she out-danced Mistinguett in *Revue* at the Casino de Paris! In private life she has borne the title of comtesse de Ségur but during the last few years she has been known also as Soeur Cécile de St.



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A FOLK CELEBRATION on the grand scale took place in the Bavarian town of Reit im Winkl, to celebrate a golden wedding. Above, an elderly couple arrive. Right, the brass band in full blast

François d'Assise—since she belongs to the lay order of the Franciscans.

Her arrival at the Gallery in a high-powered, silver-grey sports car-no, she did not drive it herself-created a sensation. She was garbed in the white, sweeping robe of her order and, just as MacAvoy's brush has swept the canvas with diplomacy, so have the flowing lines of her habit been draped by the master hand of a grand couturier. The soft, rich folds of the white frock, the head-dress of delicate mauve organdy, its wide wings resembling an Alsatian coiffure rather than a coiffe, were vastly becoming.

After consulting the mirror of her compact, Soeur Cécile, tall, slim and straight as a ramrod, took her stance below her portrait and looked up at it in serene contemplation. A respectful hush fell upon the assembly as it gazed upon this most remarkable eighty-five year old lady before tiptoeing backwards from the portrait—I almost write "the Presence"—to view the rest of the exhibition.

CHEERS for a good, honest melodrama! The Queen And The Rebels, by Ugo Betti, adapted by Yves Brainville, at the Renaissance Theatre, is a masterpiece of its kind. How we enjoyed it! We positively wallowed. But then, we had every excuse: the Queen is Edwige Feuillière. Not the Feuillière of the Dame Aux Camélias who tears passion to tatters with a slight, very slight, bulge in her cheek; not Madame Feuillière, the grande dame of the French screen and stage who, in the Partage De Midi, could be so icily regular and splendidly . . . splendid, but Edwige, romping through a melodramatic rôle and enjoying herself in the irresistibly absurd imbroglio, carrying all before her, with the spectators weeping and trembling as our great grandmothers must have done in the days of *The Two Little Vagabonds*.

Edwige is a wow! She is vulgar and valiant, a hoity-toity tease and a trollop, she can curse like a harridan and converse with innocent candour and finally, doing a far, far better thing than she has ever done, she goes to her death, a perfect lady.

Souvenir royale

• Edwige Feuillière in "The Queen And The Rebels": . . . "and when perchance I seem to forget, there is always some kind soul to remind me that I am no longer twenty!"



At the Theatre

SURFEIT OF RICHES

Anthony Cookman

Drawings by Emmwood

TEW YORK theatre critics, as many of our authors and actors have reason to know, are terrible in their ferocity, but nothing appears to have a more taming effect on them than Shake-speare played by an English company. Things work quite the other way here. A Shakespeare production held to be something below par will suddenly transform our docile, long-suffering critics into man-eating tigers. So it comes about that, while the away team of the Old Vic is being received with a reverent hush on Broadway, the home team in the Waterloo Road, putting across some celebrated lines in a way that reduces the audience to stony silence, can almost hear, as the silence ends, the furious grinding of critical teeth.

It is all a matter of experience. The standard of Shakespeare interpretation in this country happens to be higher than anywhere else in the world. We are in sight of a time when a new treatment of any of the plays will have to brave comparison with a recent classical production, and when that millenium is reached, Shakespeare's vast vogue will doubtless come to an end for a time. We can see how it will be by going to the Old Vic's Much Ado About Nothing. It seems only the other day that Sir John Gielgud and Dame Peggy Ashcroft brought the merry war between Beatrice and Benedick unforgettably before us. How, with that example in mind, can we find Mr. Denis Carey's efforts to jolly



IMMORTAL DOGBERRY (Dudley Jones) is a favourite who will draw his devotees to the theatre. Also at the grand house party, draw his devotees to the theatre. Also at the grand house party, in the gathering complicating Benedick's and Beatrice's lives, are Don John (Derek Godfrey) and Leonato (Derek Francis)



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING" (Old Vic). Keith Michell's Benedick is the swaggering man of action rather than one as nicely capable of the sentimental approach as the next man. But then the Beatrice of Miss Barbara Jefford has a sarcastic touch to her femininity

along the comedy with painstaking by-play anything but unbearable?

To our horror we find ourselves yawning over the wit-combats. Benedick entreats Beatrice never to marry since "so some gentlemen or other shall 'scape a predestinate scratched face," and the lady retorts, "Scratching could not make it worse, and 'twere such a face as yours were." By what mysterious alchemy, we ask ourselves, can actors put a glitter on such crude repartee? Yet that it can be done we know, and Ellen Terry's private notes on the part give us a hint as to how it can be done. Beatrice, she confided to herself, scornful, tormenting, vexed, self-communing, absent, melting, teasing, brilliant Beatrice must be gay gay, Gay! And it is surely the inner gaiety of the flashing creature that gives the best hope of carrying off as wit in the theatre much that looks like wit and isn't.

BUT Miss Barbara Jefford takes her inspiration, not from Ellen Terry, but presumably from an actress of an older time. Mrs. Abington was famous for her rendering of the sarcasm of the part, and Miss Jefford is as heavily sarcastic as can be imagined. She is much more like the shrew that Petruchio tames than the merry lady at whose birth a star danced. We are rather surprised that she should fall in so easily with the love trick played on her by the sportive prince, and not at all surprised (though we are intended to be) at her swift demand of Benedick that he should "kill Claudio" and avenge her kinswoman's honour.

Mr. Keith Michell is more satisfactory as Benedick. But he misses the quick pride on which the confirmed bachelor's friends shrewdly play, he handles the sentimental conversion a shade ponderously, and he is really at his best when caught up in the romantic melodrama and forced to show himself a man of action. Mr. Dudley Jones, disappointingly, makes a very middling "comic" of the immortal Dogberry, and the players of Leonato, Don Pedro and others of the splendid house party reflect little of the interest the Elizabethans took in conversational style and brilliance. They discharge these exquisite courtesies

without the proper precision.

The simple truth is that this is a comedy which must be presented with style or it had better not be presented at all. Mr. Carey has tried to make up for the absence of style by inventing a lot of dancing and masking and by-play which does not earn its keep. The only piece of by-play which really comes off is that in which Mr. Leon Gluckman and Mr. David Dodimead, as Don John's confederates, introduce a little drunken scene and bring it off.



Leading in the West End revival of a classic long-run thriller

CLAIRE CALDWELL plays Betty in a new production of one of the most successful detective plays ever presented on the London stage, Anthony Armstrong's "Ten Minute Alibi." It was due to open at the Westminster on November 2 and although basically the same as the original of 1933 the new version has been brought up to date. This is Claire Caldwell's first appearance in the West End, after experience in repertory, and her part is one which has been taken by Celia Johnson and Jessica Tandy who both became stars



Mr. Robert Philippi gives Miss Sheila Peczenic a push start



Miss Olivia Collins and Mr. Tony Bennett, son of Air Vice-Marshal D. Bennett



Miss Ant

MOTOR RACING IN A BALLROOM

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THE MONTE CARLO RALLY BALL was held at the Savoy in aid of the Gosfield Hall Appeal Fund. Several leading drivers raced miniature cars across the ballroom floor during the evening. Below: Miss Sheila Van Damm, ball chairman, Mr. Raymond Baxter and Miss Alicia Markova the ballerina, who was drawing the raffle tickets



Miss Sally Eaton and Mr. Nigel Symonds-Jones





Miss Denia Wigram and Mr. Patrick Williams



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Higg as, Mr. D. Smith and Mr. H. J. Griffiths

Air ice-Marshal Donald Bennett and Mme, Ziegler





Miss Sally Gordon dancing with Mr. Peter Jolly



Miss Frances Day and Mr. R. J. Adams, last year's Monte Carlo Rally winner, assisting Mr. Stirling Moss

Mr. Adrian Salter, Miss Caroline Sims, Mr. David Carter and Miss Patricia Walker



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Mel Ferrer as the ill-fated Prince Andrey Bolensky, and Herbert Lom as Napoleon Bonaparte, in a tense scene

At the Pictures

AN IDYLL FROM PROVENCE SLIPS PAST THE CENSOR



Original sketches from the film, showing costumes worn by the poor in the terrible cold of the Russian winter

TITHER the present film censor is far more enlightened than the gentleman who held the office twenty years ago, or our moral code has so altered that it can now be assumed we shall not be shocked to the core at the thought of a man and a woman living happily together in a union contracted without benefit of the clergy or the registrar. In any case, M. Marcel Pagnol's lovely and deeply affecting film, Regain ("Harvest"), totally banned in 1937, has now been awarded an "A" Certificate and nobody, except children unaccompanied by an adult, is to be denied the exquisite pleasure of seeing it.

Panturle (M. Gabriel Gabrio), a burly peasant of forty, is the sole inhabitant of Aubinac, a forlorn half-ruined village in the hills of Provence. When all the other villagers had gone their ways, Panturle stayed on in solitary loyalty to the place: he cannot bear that it should be left to die altogether. Alone, he has not the heart to work the land—he lives by poaching.

One night, in the nearby woods, he finds Arsule (Mlle. Orane Demazis)—an unfortunate young woman, the drudge of an itinerant knife-grinder (Fernandel) with whom, since he rescued her from a rabble of lewd charcoal-burners, she wearily travels the countryside. Panturle begs her to come and live with him at Aubinac. It is a desolate spot, she knows—but she looks at the man and sees that he is good and kind and as strong as a tree: she goes with him.

THE life they make together is perhaps hard: "Give us this day our daily bread" is a prayer from the heart—but it is happy. Arsule diligently tends the house, Panturle proudly ploughs and sows his fields. The woman discovers tenderness, the man a new dignity—and the love that grows up between them, one cannot doubt, will last for ever. Watching them, it seemed to me that this is what, in the beginning of time, life was meant to be—that these two simple people had regained Eden.

Because of the eminence he has achieved since the film was made, Fernandel is billed as its star—which is hardly fair to Mlle. Demazis and M. Gabrio. The knife-grinder is a subsidiary character, a mere instrument of the gods: Fernandel, young and slim, plays him as a brash, not very sympathetic individual, with the wary eyes of a "wide boy" under deceptively innocent, astonished eyebrows.

Mr. Michael Craig, the good-looking young man who caused Miss Diana Dors so much grief in *Yield To The Night*, makes a most satisfactory showing in his first real star part—in *House Of Secrets*, a handsomely mounted British thriller with a Paris setting,



TOLSTOY'S "WAR AND PEACE" has now been brought to the screen with a cast of thousands, in Technicolor and Vista-Vision. It stars Audrey Hepburn, Henry Fonda and many distinguished supporting players. (Above) a grim scene of the retreat from Moscow, visualized by a film draughtsman

briskly directed by Mr. Guy Green and beautifully photographed by Mr. Harry Waxman.

The story, no more unlikely than that of *Foreign Intrigue*, is something about a gang of big-scale counterfeiters and gold smugglers. Mr. Craig, a ship's officer, is the very spit of a crook who works with the gang. When this character is bumped off, the Criminal Investigation authorities in Paris persuade Mr. Craig to help them trace the gang leaders by stepping into the dead man's shoes: he finds them uncommonly uncomfortable.

MR. CRAIG is called upon to fight most of his associates—which he does splendidly, looking every bit as livid as Mr. Humphrey Bogart in a tight corner. There is so much crossing and double-crossing that I imagine a graph of the plot would serve as the pattern for a Fair Isle sweater: Mr. Craig strides authoritatively through it all and successfully carries out his assignment.

Miss Brenda de Banzie gives a stylish performance as a lady crook addicted to orchid chiffon négligés (most becoming), numerology and astrology (disastrously misleading). Mr. Geoffrey Keen and Mr. David Kossoff, a pair of criminal investigators of whom one is rather more criminal than the other, are, as by now we expect them to be, faultless.

M. Albert Lamorisse's enchanting film, *The Red Balloon*, is a miniature masterpiece about a little boy (the director's son, Pascal) and a big red toy balloon which follows him about everywhere, devoted as a dog and just as endearing.

When the balloon is killed by the jealous children of Montmartre, all the other balloons of Paris hurry to console the bereaved little boy. The spectacle of these glistening bright spheres drifting across the pale, rain-washed sky, past huddled grey houses and down dim narrow streets on their compassionate errand is as strange as a dream and (as we say in Spanish) as beautiful as the sea.

Bull-necked, husky-voiced Mr. Aldo Ray, whose charm, if any, eludes me, has the dickens of a time in *Nightfall*. A couple of particularly malevolent crooks (Messrs. Brian Keith and Rudy Bond) are out to "get" him because (quite wrongly) they think he has 350,000 dollars which they regard as their property. Mr. Ray apparently cannot call the police because they want him for a murder he did not commit.

How tangled up can an innocent guy get without lifting a finger? It doesn't bear thinking of. Neither, for that matter, does the film.

—Elspeth Grant



An original sketch for one of the vivid battle scenes

Audrey Hepburn in the role of the beautiful Natasha



A GOLDEN EAGLE poised for attack (above) and a startling photograph of a terrified young night heron are two of the brilliant illustrations in "From Blossom-time To Autumn Frost," by Istvan Homoki-Nagy(Dobson, 42s.)



Book Reviews

THE NEW DICKENS'S LONDON

Monica Dickens's The Angel In The Corner (Michael Joseph, 15s.), the leading character—I should say?—is London. Few novelists since her own great-grandfather have done so well by the scrambling, rambling metropolis, or made felt its magnetism so strongly. Charles Dickens dealt in crabbed-romantic byways, underworlds, shabby-genteel backwaters, pockets of mystery, sombre or threatening neighbourhoods, or suburban hide-outs whose inhabitants spun themselves lives of innocent fantasy. Since he laid down the pen, vast new tracts have come into being. What would Dickens have made of midtwentieth century London, one sometimes wonders. His great-

granddaughter's writing gives one a fair idea.

In this latest Monica Dickens novel, the human heroine, young Virginia Martin, seems a degree less important than her surroundings. She is fresh, engaging and, justifiably, self-confident; she is also wedded, obstinately, to the city of her birth. Her throwing in of her lot with Joe Colonna's is one way of not having to leave London. True, she has not, in her twenty years, had reason to connect the place with security. Since the day her father walked out, her home broke up, and she had to say goodbye to her old nurse, Virginia's life has been on the edge of crisis. Good old Tiny, before she goes, commends the child to "the angel in the corner"—her guardian angel. This shining image is to sustain the girl's courage through dreadful days.

Hard, is it not, to fear that the angel from time to time goes off duty? For, in the main, this is a harrowing story! Virginia's mother Helen, a career woman, is as hard as nails, and jealous into the bargain. As the girl grows up, she finds herself involved, unwillingly, in a mother-and-daughter rivalry. Tension fills the Bloomsbury flat they share, and extends to the sleekly carpeted offices of the "glamour" magazine edited by Helen. Virginia, after a try-out with a suburban newspaper (this passage is really divinely funny), is so rash as to take a job on her mother's staff. Red lights have already begun to show when Helen succeeds in

landing a second husband.

But kindly Spenser Eldredge's good intentions make him another nigger in the woodpile. American big business man, he proposes to spirit his stepdaughter home with him to Long Island—every transatlantic luxury is to be hers. Helen, scenting trouble with Joe Colonna, advances the day fixed for the departure—thereby driving Virginia into the arms of that truly undesirable

young man.

I felt sad, in a way, that Miss Dickens should spend her pen on the greedy Helen and the louche, shiftless Joe—denizen of a one-roomed basement flat in the gloomier reaches of sub-Chelsea. Neither Virginia's husband nor her mother make pleasant company; they seem to get even Miss Dickens down. Warm-heartedness, one associates with this author; this gives almost all her books their endearing glow, their cosiness, their power to raise one's spirits. From The Angel In The Corner, some warmth seems missing. On grim scenes her touch is light and adept; but it seems better suited to brighter things.

When given a chance, her comedy is, as ever, demure and sparkling. The St. John's Wood dinner party, the goose-fleshy pantomime rehearsal, the attempted interview with Miss Miller, and the Edgware Road lingerie shop are supremely enjoyable. The dubious theatre-club, promoted by two males known as "William and Mary," is a further triumph. But, as I said at the start, London steals the picture. Miss Dickens succeeds in making us feel that the city is a continent in itself—in which each different quarter, characterized by its topography and atmosphere, is like yet another exciting country.

 $-Elizabeth\ Bowen$



MISS JOYCE FOR ROYAL CONCERT

MISS EILEEN JOYCE, the distinguished Australian concert pianist, is to be one of the two soloists at the Royal Festival Hall on November 9. She will then be playing before II.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is patron of this St. Cecilia's Festival Royal Concert in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund and Allied Charities. Miss Joyce, whose home is in London, enjoys archery as her chief recreation

> Photograph by Karsh, Ottawa



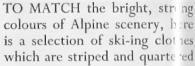
Fashions by Isobel Vicomtesse d'Orthez

DAY ON HE SLOPES

WINTER sports clothes should be windproof, wetproof, easy move in, warm and light. They chould also be colourful, attractive and imaginative. On the left is a reversible jacket from Swan and Edgar, in salmon pink, spotted on one side. Price £6 19s. 6d. From a selection of imported Swedish and Continental anoraks. Black vorlages, 77s. 6d., mittens, 21s. 9d., hood, 22s. 6d. Lillywhites pale blue proofed poplin jacket (opposite) has double textured material on shoulders and sleeves, £10 5s. Ski-trousers are bright red wool and nylon elastic, 10½ gns. Mittens, boots, skis; Lillywhites. Photographs by Michel Molinare







Go striped for gaiety

in contrasting shades. The proofed poplin jacket (far left) has a white peaked hood and a yoke edged in wide bands of red and yellow; it ties blouselike over the hips. Price 7 gas., elasticated vorlages, 10 gns. From Debenham & Freebodys. Above is a heavy woollen sweater in blue and white stripes from Rima, 12 gns. at Bazaar, King's Road. The warm fleecylined leather jacket (bottom left), 19 gns. is worn with bright red needlecord slacks, £3 12s. 6d., and a needlecord shirt striped and sprigged in black, yellow and red, 87s. 6d. Also from Debenham's. Gordon Lowe's proofed poplin jacket—the bottom white, sleeves and hood bright red-costs 8 gns. Black elasticated wool and nylon vorlages, $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns., mittens, 218.









THE chunky white sweater above just touches the hips and has a high wide neck. With its pretty shape and intricate pattern it would look wonderful with slim, tapering slacks or a full winter skirt, or for wearing in the evening after a day's ski-ing. It costs $8\frac{1}{2}$ gns. and can be obtained from Woollands of Knightsbridge

VARIATIONS ON THE SWEATER

FROM Garlaine comes the stone-coloured seven-eighths length coat in thickly knitted wool (opposite page). It is made like a duffle coat with a toggle-and-loop front fastening, has a half-belt at the back, a jacquard design on the sleeves and vertical hip pockets. It costs approximately 18 gns. and is obtainable from Joan Russell in Kensington High Street

THE royal blue anorak in proofed poplin (right) has a detachable hood, £7 10s., and is worn with elasticated vorlages in wool and nylon, price £15 10s. Fair Isle mittens in red and blue 18s. 6d., ski boots 10 gns. All from Simpsons

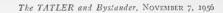
SKIMMING OVER THE ALPS

Also from Simpsons, who have a very wide selection of ski clothes and equipment, comes this frosty white heavy-knit wool sweater (below). It costs £4 14s. 6d., and the deliciously warm ear muffs cost 21s. Photographs on this page by John French

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK







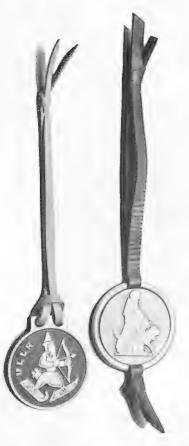
The final touches to a winter holiday

> W HEN the serious business of buying all the "heavy equipment" is over, and you have all the bare necessities for your frosty holiday, then comes the fun of choosing those things which will add considerably to your warmth, colour and comfort

---JEAN CLELAND

Blue nylon ski cap, £1 18s. 6d.; blue and yellow ski mitts, £12s.6d.; silk square (left), 3 gns.; silk square (right), 17s. 6d.; ski sticks, £3 17s. 6d. Simpsons

This nylon waist bag with looped straps at top for holding extras such as scarves and gloves costs £2 9s. 6d., and the striped scarf costs £1 12s. 6d. Lillywhites



In silver or polished bronze, these medallions cost from 5s. to 20s. at Lillywhites







The gay metal badges with enamel colouring (above and below) cost 5s. each, and can be used as fastenings and adornments. They can be had at Lillywhites



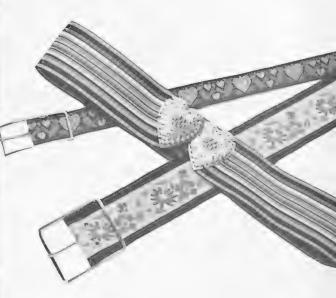
If you are to enjoy winter sporting, you must be warm. These black underpants, £2 10s.; red spey boots, £2 19s. 6d.; and cherry cap, £1 5s., will help. From Harrods



Dennis Smith

Blue wool square (above), £2 15s. 9d.; the pale blue bag, £4 4s.; and pale blue belt, £2 12s. 6d. They are all obtainable from Harrods





The striped elastic belt with heart buckles costs 17s. 6d., the narrow embroidered one, 17s. 6d., and the flower-embroidered one, £1 15s. 6d. All from Lillywhites



Beauty

Storm the heights with this drill

Jean Cleland



"ANKLOONS" OF RUBBER, inflatable to make ski boots more comfortable. Harrods, £2 17s. 6d. Skis, £24 at Simpsons

WINTER sports! One has only to say the words and read the articles in this issue to recapture some of the magic—sunshine on the snow, ski-ing down the slopes, and skating to music on the ice. Sleigh drives with bells jingling, cherry tarts for tea, and enchanted evenings with dancing and high revelry.

What fun it all is, and how enviable are those of you who are about to experience the joys of this exhilarating holiday for the first time. Unlike the old campaigners who have been many times before, you, if you are a first-timer, may be glad of a little advice as to what to do and what to take. As regards clothes and sports kit in general, the previous pages should help to put you on the right track. But if the holiday is to be completely successful, there are other things to be considered.

No doubt you are looking forward to plenty of sunshine, nice deep snow, and good sport of different kinds. For all of this you must be prepared.

Strange as it may seem, one's skin can burn more quickly in the combination of sun and snow than at almost any other time. Be sure then to take a really good protective cream or sun lotion, and do not forget to apply it each day before going out. Take a deeper powder than you usually wear in case you get brown—which you are almost sure to do—and a bright true-red lipstick to harmonize with it. You will need dark glasses to protect your eyes from the dazzle, and a good eye lotion with which to wash and soothe them when you come in at the end of the day. In addition to your ordinary skin food, I would suggest one of the extra nourishing healing creams in case of any little chapping or roughness.

HAIR is apt to get flattened under sports caps, so a good setting lotion is a great help when it comes to putting it in place again for the evening. There may be times when you will stroll out without a hat, in which case you will find one of the lacquers extremely useful for keeping your hair in place.

If you want personal advice as regards beauty preparations, or are uncertain about the right kind of sports equipment, you will find an excellent service provided by Harrods in the person of Miss Lotti Smith. Miss Smith, who has been an Austrian ski teacher, and won several national ski championships, is in the store to advise customers on everything to do with ski-ing. She will even advise you as to which resort she feels would be best suited to your particular taste, in case you have not made up your mind where to go. This should be of tremendous help to those who are winter sporting for the first time.

to those who are winter sporting for the first time.

Lillywhites are also out to give help and advice, and they make a speciality of pre-ski exercises. If you have never skied before, or indeed, if you have not done so for some time, a great deal of stiffness can be avoided by limbering up in the correct way.

To show how this can be done to the best advantage, Lilly-whites have for some years provided special instructional classes at what they call their "Dri-Ski School," on the top floor of their sports shop in Lower Regent Street, Piccadilly. These are carried out under the tuition of a highly qualified ski-ing instructress, Miss Anni Maurer. Into the course of six lessons, which cost 30s., two special lessons have been incorporated this year. The first is to explain various types of equipment and clothing. The second introduces the actual lessons to the beginner; each exercise is demonstrated to make it easy to follow. No special clothing is needed for the classes, but ski boots should be worn, and this provides an excellent opportunity for "breaking them in" if they are new. If preferred, boots can be hired at a cost of 10s. for the six lessons.

Those who cannot manage to get to the classes, but would like to do some homework in the way of toning up their muscles, can get an excellent little book of pre-ski exercises. This is issued by S.C.G.B. Publications, and costs 3s. 6d.

Two last items of interest. First, a helpful new indoor practice device in the shape of "ski rollers," which, by a combination of castoring and non-castoring wheels, can move in any direction. Second, a pocket hand warmer, which uses lighter fuel, and gives continuous heat for twenty-four hours. It can be tucked into the pocket, and should be a boon for warming the fingers when they are cold. The book, the ski rollers, and the pocket hand warmer can all be obtained from Lillywhites.

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Motoring

A TESTING TIME FOR THE BRITISH CAR



Goodwood's Motor Show test day attained, this year, greater influence than ever before and acquired the right, in future years, to be looked upon as an event of national importance. The reason is that it is an avenue for exports. As readers probably know, the chief purpose of the Guild of Motoring Writers, when it instituted the Motor Show test day, was to provide accredited foreign motoring correspondents with opportunities for trying the latest British motor cars.

They come over to England, obtain their permits to drive from the Guild, and are then able to form their own opinions of the cars from direct experience and to report them in their papers. I am not certain who first thought of the idea; but it owes its success largely to the work put in by Dudley Noble, the Chairman of the Guild, and by Sidney Henchel, the hon secretary and treasurer, aided, of course, by the Guild's President, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. More than sixty new cars were provided by manufacturers and the direct outcome has been articles in the foreign press giving fuller and fairer accounts of British cars than would otherwise have been possible.

I know of nothing which is countering more effectively the anti-British propaganda poured out recently. We all know that British cars have their failings. French, Italian, American and even (dare one mention it?) German cars also have their drawbacks. But I disapprove of the ganging up against British cars that has been noticeable. And there is only one way to defeat it; that is by going direct to the people to whom the criticisms are mainly addressed and letting them find out for themselves. Foreign journalists to whom I talked at Goodwood were turning the tables.

Why, one of them asked, are the makers of my country so far behind the British in the fitting of two-pedal control systems to low-priced cars; why can I not buy a medium price sports car with disc brakes; why are we falling behind in the fitting of power-assisted steering to the bigger models? After the spate of adverse criticism directed at British cars it was amusing suddenly to observe an inversion of the main themes.

This was the ninth test day and—the weather behaving itself

for once—certainly the best. Just as the active flying display at Farnborough is an essential complement to the static show, I would say that Motor Show test day has now become an essential complement to Earls Court.

It was enterprising of the Rootes Group to offer a safety belt in its latest models. The belt is of the lap-strap kind and can be fitted to the Hillman Minx, the Singer Gazelle and the Sunbeam Rapier. It is of nylon webbing and is secured to the main underframe of the car. Figures collected mainly in the United States suggest that many accident deaths might be prevented if people in cars could be persuaded to use safety belts.

Although it is incontestable that risks must be reduced somewhat by the use of a safety belt, there are some things to be said on the other side. If, for instance, a good arm rest is fitted so that driver or passenger is gripped as he used to be in the days of bucket seats, the need for a belt is reduced. Again, full restraint against being thrown forward in a crash can be secured only by shoulder straps; and we cannot expect motor car passengers to clutter themselves up like deep sea divers. Then there is the basic argument that motor cars should not be designed and fitted for crashing; but for avoiding crashing.

A certain amount of padding in the cockpit; the avoidance of sharp points and edges; a flexible steering wheel and folding arm rests in bench type seats, so that driver and passenger are to some extent held firmly in their places: these are sensible precautions. Perhaps a simple lap strap is a permissible addition; but we must be careful not to go too far in the provision of crashworthiness. We must not lose sight of the fact that the first requirement is *not* to crash.

Mr. St. John Nixon has just brought out another book, *The Antique Automobile* (Cassell, 25s.). I shall hope to review it later. I draw attention to it now because this is the moment when antique cars are in the news. Few are better qualified to talk about them than Mr. Nixon: moreover he has had the good sense to collect and to classify the information passing through his hands.

-Oliver Stewart





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Woodthorpe—Eerdmans. Mr. John Desmond Woodthorpe, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. A. Woodthorpe, of Rutland Court, London, S.W.7, married Miss Alida Hinke Eerdmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Johannes Eerdmans, of Larchmont Avenue, Larchmont, New York, U.S.A., at St. John's Church, Larchmont

THEY WERE MARRIED

Clay—Fuller. The wedding took place recently at Winchester Cathedral between Mr. Jeremy Peter Foster Clay, only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Clay, of Brockhampton, Herefordshire, and Miss Ann Julie Fuller, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. B. S. Fuller, of St. Michael's Lodge, St. Cross Roa, Winchester, Hampshire





de Pourtales—Sitwell. Comte François de Pourtales, eldest son of the late Comte Jean de Pourtales, and of Madeleine, Comtesse de Pourtales, of Neuilly, France, married Miss Joan Sitwell, daughter of the late Capt. Wilmot-Sitwell, R.N., and Mrs. Wilmot-Sitwell, of Dummer, Hants, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

Burroughs—Sieveking. Mr. Denis Burroughs, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. G. Burroughs, of Daphne House, Orford, Suffolk, was recently married to Miss Victoria Sieveking, daughter of Mr. Lance Sieveking, of Snape, Suffolk, and of Mrs. R. Bevan, of Boxted, at Boxted Church, Essex



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Helena Pubinstein



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DINING OUT

The nursery slopes of the good eater

As far as the wine and foods available at winter sports resorts are concerned, I think it is fair to say there is nothing special about them; in other words, there are very few gastronomic concoctions which are exclusive to those regions which cater for skiers.

In the more expensive hotels in the fashionable resorts the cuisine is international; you could as well be in any of the great hotels of Europe, as the cuisine which is everywhere available is prepared by chefs of international renown. Nevertheless you will always be able to find regional dishes if you want them, especially in the guest houses, cafes and restaurants.

In Italy, for example, the combination of a sweet melon and smoked ham as an hors d'oeuvres or ante-pasti has been popular for ages whereas in England with a few exceptions it has only just begun to spread its wings outside the West End. Olives are prepared in many different ways (delicious when stuffed, hot or cold) and there is a considerable range of salamis, various kinds of smoked sausages, smoked tongue and other smoked hams, and excellent anchovies and sardines.

If you want warmth and rapid sustenance, go for the soups. Real Italian minestrone is a meal in itself, not only containing between seven and eight different vegetables but chopped ham or various alternatives and finally sprinkled with grated cheese.

Almost the most important place in Italian food is taken by the pastes and cereals: macaroni, spaghetti, ravioli, tagliatelli and so on, prepared in dozens of different ways, many of them absolutely delicious; and it's the same with the variations on the risotto theme, which are endless, and if you like rice as a base a great delight; Risotto a la Milanese, which contains the marrow out of beef bones and white wine in its recipe, is my favourite

Italian wines are an excellent complement to all this especially

[Continued on page 356



At Mont Cervin in Zermatt, the chef and his assistant, who is wearing national dress, serve helpings of Jambon Cru du Pays

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A typical scene in a restaurant anywhere on the Continent which emphasizes the informal atmosphere characteristic of bistro life

the good robust chiantis. Remember to look for the stamp carrying a number and a picture of a cockerel on the flask; if there is you know that it is genuine. There are other well-known Italian wines. Barolo from Piedmont, a full-bodied wine, matured in the wood and sold in the same shaped bottles as Burgundy: Asti Spumante, a gay, lively and sparkling wine which used to be known as Italian Champagne: Lacrima Christi, a light, fresh, dry or medium dry wine.

In the winter sports districts of France you have a vast range of many of their gastronomic masterpieces. Dauphiny, for instance, with its mountain trout, has its Feuilleté de Ris de Veau au Porto, which is a sweetbread turnover with port, brandy and Madeira used in the preparation. There is also Gratin Dauphinois which is prepared in one form or another in almost every household

THERE is Savoie, with hare, quail, woodcock or partridge on its mountain slopes, trout and pike in the rivers, and a freshwater fish known as Omble Chevalier, not forgetting such specialities as *Volaille des Gourmets Parisienne*, and the famous *Cochon de Lait a la Broche* (sucking pig on a spit).

In the Jura the rivers abound with tench, carp and the small red crayfish which are considered a great delicacy. Woodcocks are plentiful in the forest and there is an astonishing variety of edible mushrooms including the famous Morilles. When you discover a patch of these it's rather like finding some gold nuggets on the ground; they fetch a tremendous price.

Winter sports are also available in the Vosges mountains where you can live on foie gras and trout indefinitely, plus some of the Alsatian wines which match them to perfection.

In Germany one immediately thinks of sauerkraut and frankfurters but that is only the beginning. They have an astonishing range of sausages and cooked meats—possibly the largest variety of any country in the world—and an immense number of local specialities such as the white sausage of Upper Bavaria made of veal, beef, calves' foot, brawn and various seasonings. This part of Germany alone has forty-five varieties of cheese, and the Alpine rivers provide some magnificent trout, mullet, etc. The fried sausages of Nuremberg are famous and they make tremendous use of dumplings such as the "Bavarian" which is loosened with breadcrumbs and stuffed with bacon cubes and served with roasted pigs' knuckle or home cured pork. There is dumpling soup, liver dumplings, dumplings with ham and sauerkraut, dumplings with or without mushrooms, sour dumplings; in fact, dumplings galore. The Black Forest abounds in wild game, trout, barbel and the Rhine salmon.

Apart from many powerful and magnificent beers, from the light to the very dark, they possess some of the loveliest white wines in the world, many of them not so well known in this country as the French wines, because when the average Englishman comes to hocks in the wine list he frequently loses his nerve before he dares order such a thing as Hattenheimer Pfaffenberg Riesling Feinste Spatlese Originalabfullung. But don't worry, below is an explanation of some of the words you will find in the wine list: "auslese" means specially selected: "feinste"—finest selected: "spatlese"—late gathered grapes and fully ripe:



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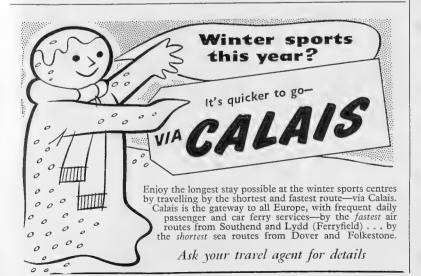
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Despite the heavily snow-covered mountains, the air at sports

resorts is warm enough to encourage out-of-doors eating "wachstum"-"property of" or "owned by" (when used would

be followed by the name of the proprietor of the vineyard): "originalabfullung"—bottled by the grower—in an English wine list it would probably appear as "estate bottled."

In Switzerland, which caters for over ten million visitors a year and has 10,000 hotels and 16,000 restaurants to do it with, you immediately think of cheese, and my favourite cheese dish is called rachette and comes from the canton of Valais. You make it by holding a loaf of cheese against a stove of red hot coals and when it starts to melt, the cook scrapes the melted surface on to hot plates and serves it with potatoes and pickles. It goes very well with some of their dry white wines such as Neuchatel or Dezaley which comes from the northern shores of Lake Geneva. Here again Switzerland produces sausages of every sort, shape and kind.

In the German section a special dish called Bernerplatte is extremely popular and consists of pig's head, ribs of beef, marrow bones, tongue sausages, boiled ham, beef tongues and pickled pork, all cooked together and served with garnishings of sauerkraut, French beans and boiled potatoes. There is the bunder fleisch, which is raw meat, dried in the air, and cut into thin wafers, to be found in the mountainous Grisons.

For the meats you can still stick to Swiss wines, there being various red wines from the area of Dole in the Rhone Valley, such as Pinot Noir which is somewhere between a claret and a Burgundy.

In the Italian part of Switzerland, of course, there is an abundance of spaghetti, risotto, raviolis, etc., and caperetto which is a young goat or kid and which can be roasted or prepared in various ways. Try Merlot with this, a red wine which comes from the canton of Ticino.

In fact, wherever you find yourself, if there are local wines, they are always well worth trying and probably a new experience.

—I. Bickerstaff







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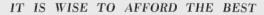


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DINING IN

Notebook in the Alpine kitchen

ALWAYS, in the luggage of enthusiastic cooks when going on a holiday abroad, there goes a "cooks' tour" notebook for jotting down recipes for dishes one would like to make at home on one's return. It is surprising how many new ideas one can pick up in the various countries visited. I myself can recall some prize "catches," some of which have appeared in these columns.

A Winter Sports holiday, whether in Switzerland, Bavaria, the Austrian Tyrol or Scandinavia, should provide us with suggestions for some very good substantial meals, to be enjoyed when our own cold weather comes.

I generally make an effort to get the chef's or cook's own "speciality," which is not likely to appear in "ordinary" cookery books. I also make a note of other dishes which I know that I shall find in my cookery "library" (which seems to grow more formidable and extended every week!) There is a limit to one's demands on even the most sympathetic and co-operative chef.

How to extract the recipes? Well, when one stays in an inn or hotel, expresses interest in cookery, praises the food and sends congratulations to the chef, it is a very short step to the kitchen itself, where I have always been touched by the kindness and

generosity extended to me.

This, of course, is much more easy in an inn than in a *de luxe* hotel, simply because the chef or cook is more accessible. It is even easier where the business is a family one, with the proprietor most likely his own chef. Here, too, one finds "national" dishes as distinct from the "international" menu of *la haute cuisine* common to most of the world's capitals. For the most part, it is the dishes of the district that I like to pick up and bring home.

FIRST, however, here is a rather recherché Swiss presentation of Escalope de Veau Cordon Bleu. To be on the safe side, I asked M. Eugene Kaufeler, Maitre Chef des Cuisines of the Dorchester, in London, to check the recipe with me. Here is how he learned to make the dish in his native Switzerland with, finally, my own way with the residue in the frying-pan.

For each serving you will need an escalope of veal about \$\frac{1}{4}\$ in, thick, a thin slice of boiled ham and a thin slice of Gruyere cheese. Start with butter and a little olive oil in a frying-pan large enough for your purpose. Get them fairly hot. Season the slices of veal with salt and very little pepper (M. Kaufeler says that veal is so delicate that pepper must be used sparingly), pass them through flour, shake off excess and fry them fairly

quickly on both sides, leaving the veal slightly pink inside. Transfer to a heat-proof platter or shallow entree dish.

Place a slice of ham on each escalope, and, on it, a slice of cheese, first dipped in milk. (The milk gives the cheese a most pleasant glaze when grilled.) Slip the lot under a hot grill to melt the cheese and brown it a little. Rub a little "fond" or rich gravy made with strong veal stock in the frying-pan and pour it around, not *over*, the escalopes.

Most home kitchens have no strong stock on hand. Instead, I use (for 4 escalopes) not more



A new classic enters the annals of cookery with The Omelette Book by Narcissa Chamberlain (Sidgwick & Jackson, 15s.), from which this chapter heading is taken



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than 3 to 4 tablespoons of the potato water. I rub it well around the frying-pan with a wooden spoon to remove the delicious "crustiness" (residue). There you have a quick home-made "fond." A similar dish is served in the French Alps as Escalope de Veau Savoyarde.

"Fondue" is a famous Swiss speciality and here is a recipe given to me by a gifted Swiss amateur cook. Incidentally, he gave me a warning about the forfeit business, which arises this way: When the Fondue is ready, each person dips a square of bread, impaled on a fork, in it, gives it a turn, removes it and eats it. If the bread drops into the Fondue, off the fork, he pays a forfeit which, too often, means that he buys a bottle of wine. This custom is now discouraged because, generally, it meant the consumption of too much white wine-producing indigestion, so that the idea got about that the Fondue was to be blamed when, actually, the cold wine was at fault!

For the Fondue, you require a special pot—a round casserole with a stumpy handle. First a pot—a round casserole with a stumpy handle. First, rub it with a cut clove of garlic. Add, for each person, a wineglassful of dry white wine and 5 oz. sliced or grated Emmentaler or Gruyère cheese (or half of each). Place over a moderate heat and stir with a wooden spoon until the mixture becomes a smooth cream. When it begins to bubble, thicken with a little potato or plain flour, blended in a little water.

Before serving, add a small glass of Kirsch, freshly milled pepper to taste and a little grated nutmeg. Place the casserole over a spirit lamp with a fairly high flame, so that the Fondue continues to cook slightly while it is being eaten. Serve with large squares of crusty bread.

All over Austria and Bavaria, you will find potato dumplings-robust fare after Winter Sports. I give you two recipes—one savoury and one

Boil 2 lb. potatoes in their jackets. Peel and sieve them or put them through a potato ricer. Add 3 to $3\frac{1}{2}$ oz. plain flour, 1 to 2 beaten eggs and salt to taste. The mixture must just *not* be sticky. Cut several slices of 3-in. bread into small squares and fry them in butter or other fat until crisp. Drain well. Pinch off pieces of the potato dough and

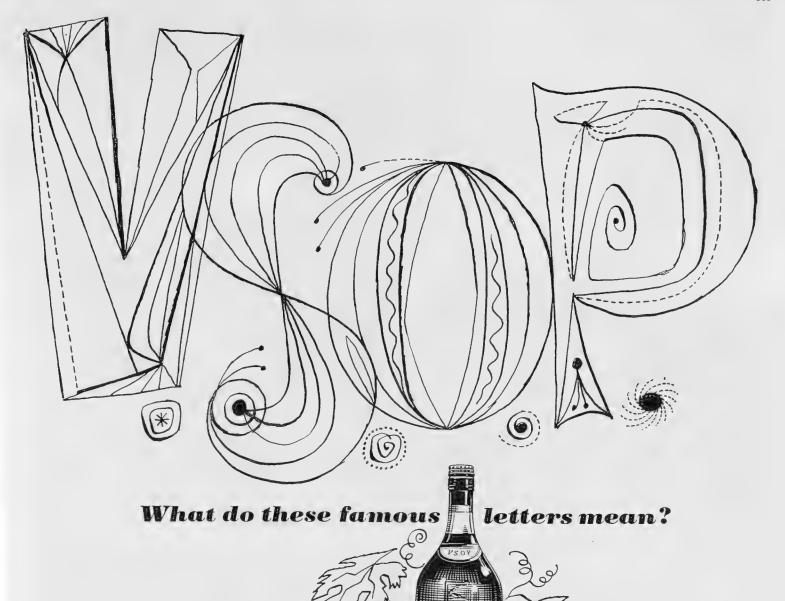
More than 300 varieties are detailed in The Omelette Book (see previous page), from which this another illustration

wrap them around the diced bread, sealing it well. Drop the dumplings into boiling salted water. When they rise to the top, give them a minute or two minutes' further cooking. Serve with Pot Roast or any savoury stew.

A similar potato mixture is used for Apricot Dumplings, which can be made from South African apricots, when available. Stone them carefully through the stem ends. Replace the stones with sugar. Securely wrap each apricot in a piece of the potato dough. Cook as above in slightly salted water, roll in zweiback or browned breadcrumbs, sprinkle with lightly browned butter, then sugar and a little ground cinnamon.

N Sweden, as in Germany, one finds many pork dishes. One of the most exciting is loin or tenderloin of pork, stuffed with prunes. The whole tenderloin is particularly good and the more choice is cut similar to the fillet of beef. It is quite easy to spread open the tissues to their full length and fill them with, say, a dozen or so prunes, soaked overnight and then halved and stoned. Tie with string to hold the prunes in place.

Season well with pepper and salt and a pinch of ground ginger, dust with a little flour, dot with butter and bake for 30 to 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, basting frequently. Meanwhile, as the prune stones have still a certain amount of "meat" on them, cover them with water, bring to the boil, and work the "meat" and juice through a sieve. Transfer the meat (string removed) to a heated platter. Pour a breakfastcup of the prune juice, etc., into the roasting tin and rub it around to get off the residue. Add a good 4 pint of sour cream, season well and stir together as it comes to the boil. Pass this rich sauce with the pork. Two fillets will serve 6 to 8 persons.



o one seems quite to remember.

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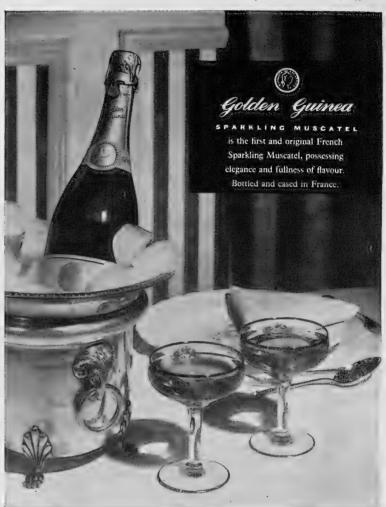
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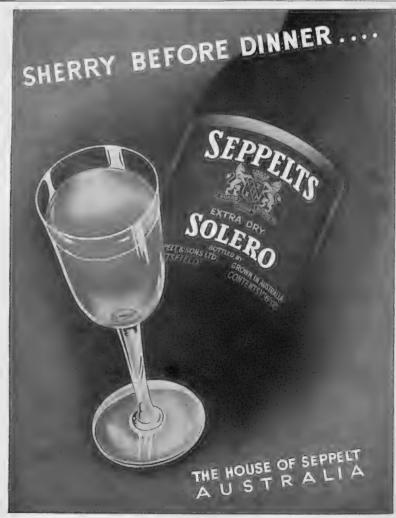
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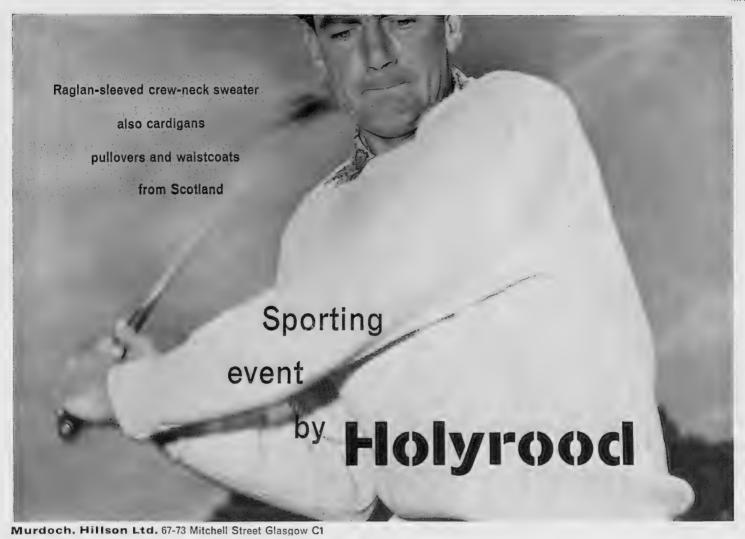


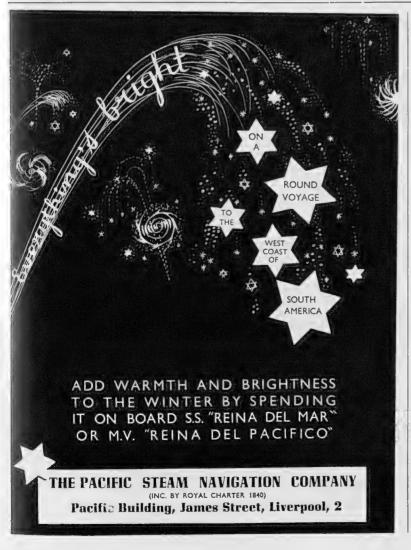


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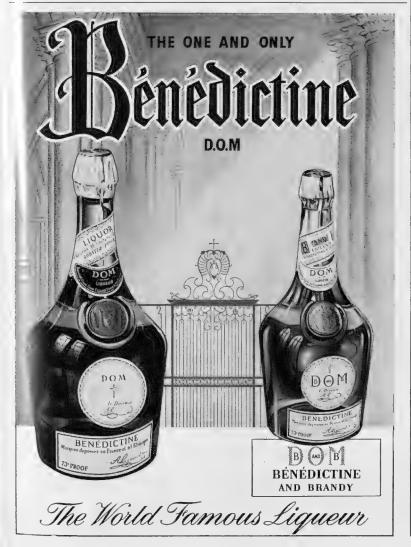


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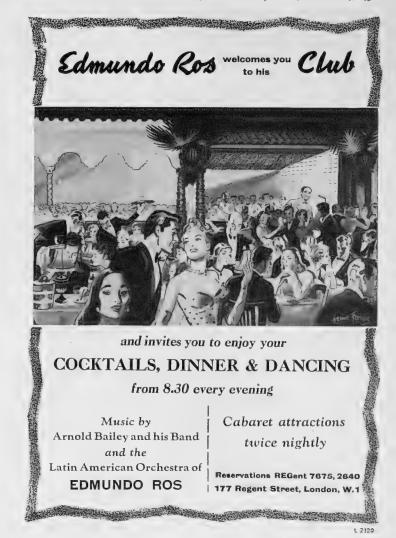
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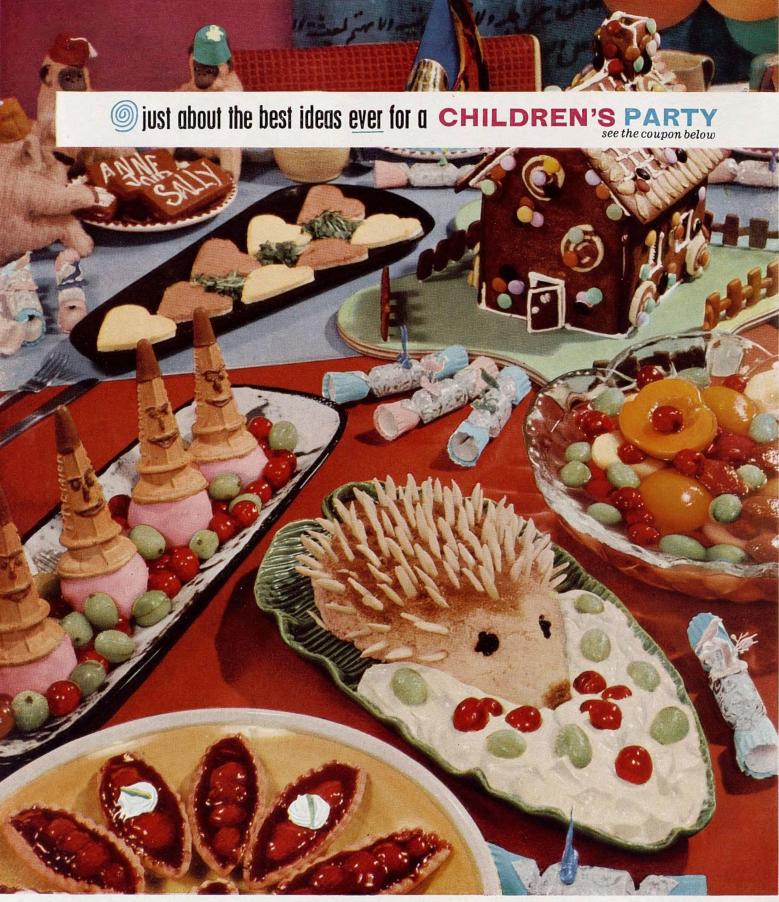
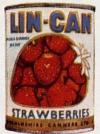


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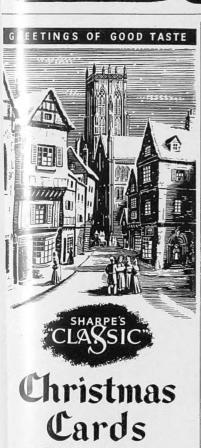
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